

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owners  
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## A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Oh, a home is a terrible handicap  
To a soul that would fain be free;  
It has captured many a prisoner of war,  
But it never shall shackle me.  
Instead of the carers I would have to face,  
In the same old rounds every day,  
Oh, give me a room in a lodging place  
And a lunch at a chance cafe.

I never need hurry to catch my car,  
For I haven't a place to go,  
And early or late no meal I mar,  
For I'm dining alone, you know.  
The hands of the clock I never chase,  
For I drift in an easy way,  
Since I sleep in a transient lodging place  
And lunch at a chance cafe.

A brother of mine—I loved him well—  
Went wrong in his early years,  
For he married and bought him a place to dwell,  
(Oh, the thought of it brings me tears!)  
And there he has lived—what a pitiful case—  
And there he will likely stay,  
While I still sleep in a lodging place  
And lunch at a chance cafe.

I sometimes think of his wife and child  
And the vine at his cottage door,  
While I dream of the perfect lips that smiled—  
But they smile for me no more.  
And I muse: "If the saint with the angel face  
Had answered me 'yes' that day,  
Would I sleep in a transient lodging place  
Or lunch at a chance cafe?"  
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## AUNT SERENA'S SALT.

BY CHARLES M. HARGER.

HAT makes the trunk so heavy?" asked Paul, as he lifted the old-fashioned leather-covered box from the wagon at the ranch house.  
"Gold and precious stones, likely. You know folks are all rich down in New England," replied Theo.

"Aunt Serena wouldn't bring those."  
"Of course she wouldn't," put in that lady herself, coming from the dwelling which was to be her home for a year. "I guess I know better than to bring anything like that out here—why don't you have a board walk instead of a dirt path to the house?"  
"This isn't Connecticut, aunt; it's Texas, an' mighty near the Panhandle," replied Paul. "If you visit the Texans, do as the Texans do; you know the proverb."

"It is not a proverb, and you did not quote it correctly; but hurry in with the trunk."

So the heavy burden was, with much straining of muscles on the part of the two nephews, carried inside; but the youths' curiosity remained unsatisfied.  
"I've brought this 20 miles in a wagon to-day, and I ought to be told what's in it," insisted Paul.

So they waited while Aunt Serena unpacked.

Dresses, aprons, a few keepsakes—out the articles came, all light of weight and furnishing no explanation of the mystery. But before the bottom was reached the lid slammed shut and no more was to be seen.

"Mighty funny she's so particular," commented Paul, as Theo and himself sat on their ponies the following day, a couple of miles from the cabin, watching the big cattle herd. "I'm going to find out, an' right soon, too."

"Make a raid on the trunk?"  
"Don't know; but I guess so. Father and mother are going to take her over to the school director's this afternoon. I'll make a hunt then."

And he did. When he came back his face was a study.

"What d'ye find?" asked Theo.

"Couldn't guess it in a thousand years."

"Gold, silver, iron, horseshoes, beans, bullets?"

"Your trail ain't even warm—it's salt."

"What for?"

"How do you suppose I know? I'm going to ask her."

But Paul did not need to ask. Aunt Serena suspected that her belongings had been searched, and forestalled any comments by remarking at the breakfast table: "It's the purest, finest salt I could get—a hundred pounds of it. I've lived too long within smelling distance of salt water to risk having things fresh. Even for a visit I wanted to be prepared for emergencies, and besides, I suppose you use stock salt in lumps here."

Paul admitted that she was partly right, and from that time the ranch table was not without the flourlike, refined product of the eastern salt works. The sack was set inside the storeroom door, and was the subject of many a joke in the family as well as among the herders.

Even the sturdy nephews were not above referring to the "freshness" that their aunt expected to see in the south-west.

"But then it's just what you'd allow to find a school-teacher doin'," said Paul. His contempt for school-teachers was, however, largely assumed, and he often wished he were capable of teaching the neighborhood school, as his aunt was doing. He longed for her knowledge of books every time he saw her crossing the prairie to the schoolhouse, a mile or more from the ranch, where all the settlers' children gathered.

But soon something else was of more pressing importance. The grass on the range was becoming short, and the severe drought had prevented the starting of a new growth.

"We must move the stock down nearer the ranchhouse," ordered the chief herder; and the men allowed the cattle to graze closer to the corral.

Five thousand head of Texas cattle! A little sea of horns, thin, nervous faces, sharp backs and switching tails—it was

a difficult band to manage, an army that skill alone could control. For man or horse singly they had neither respect nor fear; but a man on a horse could rule them, provided there were enough men on horses.

As the hot summer days merged into autumn no rain came to start the grass—something unexampled in the history of the ranch. Two or three times the herders found it necessary to drive the cattle several miles to water; but the grass near the ranch house was largest, because through the earlier part of the season the stock had been kept at some distance from the home headquarters.

"It seems like being outside of civilization," said Aunt Serena, coming home from her school one day and looking out over the vast level plains, on which were feeding the excitable "long-horns."

"Never mind," said Paul, who came in just then, clad in his herder costume; "if we don't have any bad luck, and get the stock to market all right, it'll take me into civilization. I've a share in the herd, and I'm going to college."

Paul, indeed, was growing exceedingly nervous over the cattle's condition. A few weeks longer of short feed would, he feared, make them unsalable at the high prices which he had counted.

The next day there was another drive to water, and a tiresome one it was. Twice the herd broke into an awkward trot, and it required all the herders' ingenuity and efforts to restrain it. The crackling of a stick, the call of a quail, the sudden starting of a jack-rabbit—nothing seemed too trivial for the cattle in their present condition.

"Watch 'em mighty close, boys," was the chief herder's order, when, after much difficulty, all were safely returned to the "house range," as the feeding grounds near home were called.

And they were watched close. All day an endless procession of herders rode round and round the restless creatures, turning back the stragglers.

On the second day the atmosphere seemed more oppressive than in weeks. It was "headache weather," according to Aunt Serena, and she found the mile walk to the schoolhouse a wearisome one.

"I shall dismiss school early this afternoon," she remarked, on leaving home. "The children can't stand it to keep such long hours. I've invited the first reader class to come to tea with me. There are eight of them."

Theo and Paul saw their aunt as she walked slowly through the close-pastured bunch grass, far on the opposite side of the ranch house.

"I wish," said the latter, anxiously, "that aunt wouldn't carry that bright yellow parasol. I'm afraid it will make us trouble some day."

"Nonsense!" was the reply; "we always have the herd on this side of the range while she goes and comes. She can't be hurt."

"But the critters might stampede on us."

"What's going to make 'em? Besides, it ain't likely they'll go in that direction, anyhow."

But Theo did not know as much about the ways of cattle as did his older



DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE ON-COMING HERD.

brother; nor was he animated by the same personal interest in the herd's welfare.

It was three o'clock when the brothers met again.

"Say, Theo," were Paul's words as he rode closely to his companion, "I'm awful thirsty. I wish you'd ride over to the house and bring out a can of water. The cattle are a little quieter now, and I'll wait for both of us."

Without a word Theo was off, glad of a respite, and enjoying the brisk canter to which he spurred his willing pony.

Nor did he lessen his pace on his return. Racing swiftly along he approached Paul and the herd, carrying the can of water and thrilled by the exercise of the half-mile ride.

As he drew near the pony braced itself for the sudden stopping; but before the halt came there was an accident. Into one of the numerous gopher holes, which dot the prairies of the west, went one of his horse's forefeet.

In an instant Theo was hurled headlong from the deep-seated saddle and went, as did the pony, rolling on the sod. The water can broke as it fell, and the clink of its smashing could be heard for a long way.

Paul heard it, and pressing the spur to his pony's flank, hurried toward the victims of the mishap. But that was not all. Before Theo and his horse had regained their feet, each bruised and limping, every grazing steer had lifted its branching-horned head and was, staring at the unwonted spectacle. Then, as if moved by a common impulse, every animal took a few steps away. A loud bellow from some of the more powerful ones followed, and the walk of the herd became a trot. The alarm increased as they moved—the trot was a canter—the canter a run; and by the time Paul had turned from inspecting the fallen boy and horse the dreaded stampede was in progress.

The young man's face grew white, even through the generous coat of sun-

burn, as he fiercely urged his pony forward. Other herders were likewise riding fast; but the mass of horns and hairy backs was like an avalanche, plunging ahead, regardless of what was before, blind to any danger, to all intents an unreasoning, insane mob.

The herd was headed toward the ranch house and would go near it, then on across the path leading to the school. It all passed through Paul's mind in an instant, and, mingling with the thought of injury to the cattle, was that of danger to the school children or their teacher. The ranch house hid his view of the familiar path at first; but as he pushed ahead in a frantic hope of being able to turn the leaders, on whom he was rapidly gaining, it was fully revealed.

Midway between house and school, directly in the course of the now infuriated beasts, was a group, the very sight of which thrilled the hurrying rider. In its midst was a woman carrying a yellow parasol, and around her were some little folks—not many; but to Paul's alarmed gaze it seemed a multitude.

Aunt Serena and her tiny party of tea guests had just become aware of what was occurring a half mile away. They could hear and almost feel the thousands of heavy hoofs beating on the dry prairie. The shouting cowboys, the bellowing steers, the dust—it was all a frightful menace. Uncertain which way to turn, and deeming it impossible to escape from the wide sweep on which the cattle were coming, they simply stood silent and terrified. But as they waited they saw one rider leave the group of half dozen herders whose ponies had carried them near the leaders of the herd.

"Paul is deserting us!" passed through Aunt Serena's mind, and her heart sank as she spoke the words more to herself than to the children.

It seemed so. Reining his pony aside he was riding like mad toward the ranch house, which was but a little out of the herd's course. Theo saw it, as he stood helpless beside his lamed pony, and wondered. The other herders saw it and yelled frantically to him to return. But Paul heeded them not. Like a flash into his mind had come the words of an old cattleman who had given him advice in the art of managing a herd.

"Yeh kin do more with a bunch of cattle by their likes than their dislikes," had been a part of his philosophy; "an I 'spect they're a good bit like humans in that."

Already Paul was near the ranch house, and the anxious watchers saw him stop his horse with a severity which nearly brought the faithful creature to its knees, dismount, dash in through the open door, reappear with something in his arms, leap to the saddle and race pell-mell, fast as the pony's feet could carry him, toward the head of the herd again.

The cattle were running no faster than at the start, but neither had the cowboy's efforts been able to check them. Moreover, the angry eyes of the leaders appeared to have been fascinated by the yellow parasol which shone brightly in the sunlight, and were taking their way, followed by the whole frantic mass, directly toward it. In the air was an odor of bruised horns, and in the track of the herd was more than one struggling beast which had fallen in the race and been trampled unto death by its companions.

But Paul was well in advance of even the foremost, and a gap of many rods intervened between even himself and the school party.

"Git! Prince—Git!" he was saying, as he leaned low on his pony's neck and pressed the spurs harder and harder on the steaming flanks.

Then suddenly the watchers saw Paul turn sharply and ride directly in front of the oncoming herd, scarce a dozen yards away.

But they saw something more. As he rode a fine, white stream poured from his saddlebow, and a flour-like trail was left behind him, showing clearly on the brown grass and barren spots of earth.

"What crazy thing!" began the chief herder, who had been far in the rear but was now near the front.

The cowboy riding next him did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence. His quick mind had solved the problem, and above the roar the chief caught the single word, "Salt!"

Before the first of the cattle had reached the white line Paul was across the herd's track and was trimming to come back further on. But it was unnecessary. As the first rank reached the seemingly slight barrier a familiar and appetizing odor reached the distended nostrils. Forgetting their impatience, the strong beaves slackened their pace. The crowding hundreds behind pushed them forward, but these, too, caught the scent and in a moment the whole herd was hooking and striving for a taste of the animals' greatest luxury. Paul, seeing what would happen, rode on, still doling out the salt until he had a line long enough to engage the greater part of the herd and prevent any being crushed in the throng.

As he looked back and saw the lately stampeded brutes, sinking here and there to their knees to lick up the feast he had spread, he laughed aloud.

"The old cattleman," he thought, "was right. It was their likes that caught 'em."

"Hope you won't feel sorry for the loss of your fine salt, Aunt Serena," remarked Theo, roguishly, the following day.

"Not at all," was the reply; "but I shall send for some more at once, and Paul can't pour it out as he did the other. This kind of weather will settle that," looking from the window at the driving rain which had come at last. "Perhaps it was lucky that we had a dry spell, after all—so that the salt was not damp."—N. Y. Independent.

—A West Palm Beach note says, soberly, that a Chicago man caught an 863-pound jewfish on the ocean pier.

## KANGAROO HUNTING.

Riding to Hounds after the Nimble Brutes in Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia, one followed by native hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then, when the kangaroos dash at them in wild efforts to escape, kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses his hind leg viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses and men have been torn open by the nail of his hind foot.

The white men prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man or boomer, which warns his followers of the approach of danger by stamping the ground with his hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run 20 or 30 miles at times, or until it reaches safety. A male weighs from 100 to 175 pounds and is seven or eight feet long. The English make up parties of hunters and follow the kangaroo with dogs somewhat like foxhounds, but of greater size and strength. Women and men join in the sport, riding to the hounds on good horses.

"Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts have been seen the day before by bushmen," a Sportsman Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called in, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sentinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could not run, but folding their forelegs across their breasts, they sat down. Then, with tail and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than 20 feet long, and others being more than 30 feet. They cleared shrubs 12 feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The dog began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at a water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted, and drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstringing a dog. A dog rushed in and was caught by the hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstringed it, while I rapped its nose with my whip, killing it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days."—N. Y. Sun.

## WISE ADVERTISER.

A Little Jokelet Now and Then Is Relished by the Best of Men.

"If there is anything I don't like," observed the drummer, "it is puns or the man who produces them on sight or keeps them on tap. The only place that a pun can be used at all, in my judgment, is in an advertisement, for there a man pays for it, and he can print anything he wants. Besides, a pun in an advertisement seems to catch the eye that kind of wanders around waiting for something to fix it."

"I guess that is what I was doing about ten days ago in a New England town of about 4,000 people, where you might expect people to make prayers, but never puns. I was merely there to catch a train on a crossroad, and while waiting I wandered along the main street of the town. At last I came to a store where the proprietor had out in front a lot of rickety-looking furs, wraps, robes, gloves and that kind of winter wearing apparel, with sleighbells on the side. On the lot he had a card that showed up like a circus bill, which bore the inscription: 'Killing Costumes.'

"It was none of my business, of course, but I stopped to examine the stuff, and the proprietor, a cheerful sort of a soul, came out to see me."

"What you got that on there for?" said I, pointing to the card.

"'Cause that's what ought to be there," said he, smiling.

"But it oughtn't," said I.

"Why oughtn't it?"

"Simply because 'killing,' in the sense you use it, there means something brilliant and striking, and those things are as plain as the nose on your face."

"Just the same, they are for sleighing purposes," grinned the merchant, with his thumb up to that same plain nose, and the far-off forests of Panjab echoed the notes of his triumph as I hurried back to the train that was to carry me away from the scene of my discomfiture."—Washington Star.

## A Western Bunco Game.

Real Estate Agent (Dugout City, Kan.)—Stranger just arrived in town from the east. Rush around to the hotel, greet him as a long-lost brother or something, and when he explains that there is some mistake, cover your confusion by inviting him to drink.

New Man—Maybe he won't accept it.

"Oh, yes; he'll accept, to relieve you of your embarrassment. They always do."

"Yes, sir. What next?"

"Keep him in conversation until I come around and ask to speak with you on business. Then introduce me and we'll have another drink. That'll settle it. Two drinks of Dugout City whisky will make any man feel rich enough to buy the whole earth."—N. Y. Weekly.

## Evasive.

She—If you were to find that I had lost all my fortune—every penny of it—would you hesitate to carry out our engagement?

He—I would hesitate at nothing.—Indianapolis Journal.

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1 cent Express, red, part perforate.....	5 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, imperforate.....	50 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, part perforate.....	60 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate.....	10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....	15 cents
3 cent Playing Cards, green, full perforate.....	20 cents
3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate.....	10 cents
4 cent Playing Card, violet, perforate.....	50 cents
5 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
6 cent Playing Card, red, perforate.....	10 cents
6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....	10 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
10 cent Foreign Exchange, imperforate.....	10 cents
10 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	70 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	50 cents
70 cent Foreign Exchange, green, imperforate.....	10 cents
\$1 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	\$1
\$1 Manifest, imperforate.....	\$1 10
\$1 Mortgage, full perforate.....	\$1 25
1 00 Passage Ticket, imperforate.....	\$1 50
1 30 Foreign Exchange, orange, imperforate.....	3 00
1 50 Foreign Exchange, maroon.....	4 00
3 50 Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	7 00
5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	7 00
20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate.....	30 00
1 30 Blue and Black.....	1 50
1 00 Blue and Black.....	2 00
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	5 cents
6 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	6 cents
10 cent Black and Green, proprietary.....	10 cents
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